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SKETCH BOOK



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COVER DESIGN THIS ISSUE BY
MORRIS BERD

EDITORIAL

THERE are still some vestiges of that antiquated sentiment floating about that "children should be seen and not heard." And worst of all, the maxim too often applies to young people anywhere from sixteen to twenty-one years of age.

We should like to dispute this opinion and by so doing, establish something of a policy for this magazine.

It is our belief that the average thinking person of college or even of high school age has as much right as an older person to express opinions. For while older people have a wider experience on which to base their ideas, experience cannot always be relied upon to produce unfailing judgment. The proof of this is that two men of about equal intelligence and with the same number of years experience can, and frequently do, arrive at completely opposite conclusions.

We are not, of course, trying to belittle experience. We are simply pointing out that it is not *always* infallible.

Then, too, opinions that are quite different may each have a great element of truth. In computing the value of an argument, we should not judge so much by the conclusion arrived at as by the manner in which that conclusion is reached. If this is so, then a young person, by thinking logically and intelligently, and by making sure of facts, frequently has as good a chance of holding sound opinions as a much older person. Naturally, there are certain things which the youthful mind can never hope to grasp as well as a more experienced one, and it is necessary that the adolescent try to recognize those things.

It is equally important for the older person to realize that there are subjects probably better understood by Youth.

To sum up these arguments with the point we are attempting to drive home, we feel that it is the office of the *Sketchbook*—among its other duties—to encourage the expression of student opinions and student ideas. Right or wrong, a well expressed opinion, published in a magazine of this kind, is stimulating and healthy.

We can assure the students of this school that well written, logical articles of a critical nature—constructive or destructive, good or bad criticism—even if it be adverse criticism of this very magazine—will be published by the *Sketchbook*.

A STUDENT PUBLICATION

SEVERAL students have told us that they might submit work to the *Sketchbook* if they knew what we wanted.

Our answer is, it is our wish to publish the work of students of this school, no matter what type of work it may be. Naturally, in most cases such work will concern art. But if we have some among our number whose secret ambition is writing fiction or poetry, we should like them to feel that here is an opportunity for this type of expression.

Up to this point, we have had to go out after articles much as reporters go out after news. But don't misinterpret this fact. We don't want to ask certain people to do things any more than we can help. We would far rather have you bring your work to us. The function of the *Sketchbook* staff should be primarily to sift and select the work submitted to us and to organize it into a magazine.

ART FOR AN INDUSTRIAL NATION

CHARLES T. COINER
ART DIRECTOR, N. W. AYER, INC.

THREE are many different classifications of Art and it is rather unfortunate that people, in classifying Art, usually boil it down to two classifications—commercial Art and “Art for Art’s sake.” These are both unfortunate terms. We could spend a lot of time arguing over what Art is commercial and what is not, and it isn’t the purpose of this article to get into such a discussion.

Each one of us is interested in a certain type of Art. The kind that I am interested in is not Art for Art’s sake or the type of pictures sold in galleries, but an entirely different sort of thing. This Art is the sort that reaches and influences a great mass of people in America.

I hope you will excuse me if I mention my Blue Eagle design, but I would like to say one thing about it to make my point clear. It reached out and got a rise out of millions of people. It affected them one way or another, and it seems to me that an artist should play an important part in the life of our times. There were some very interesting developments after the Blue Eagle design was in use. A rancher out in Texas who liked the design asked me if I would design a cattle brand for his ranch. To me, this was a most flattering request, and I had a lot of fun in designing this cattle brand. I suppose that today there are thousands of cattle roaming around with the design on their sides.

There are all kinds of things I might include in this type of Art or design. It might be a fountain pen that is beautifully designed; an advertising illustration that is well painted, and that not only puts over the point of an advertisement but is a joy to look at besides; or it might be the designing of a motor car.

In this work, there is no end of opportunity for artists. No one, however, seems to be preparing himself for this work. I see the work of hundreds of applicants for positions in advertising and industrial Art, but practically none of them is prepared. An artist will come to me who has spent four or five years studying, who has perhaps won a scholarship abroad and studied in Europe, and returned to this country to do, over a period of several years, perhaps one movie theater mural or a portrait of a friend of his. He must have work—says he has always been interested in advertising work, but shows me drawings, paintings and sketches that have nothing whatsoever to do with the subject in which he pretends to be interested.

It is not his fault, because there are no schools, or practically none, to teach him. (The School of Industrial Art is an exception.) I learned the other day that there are 300 art schools in Boston alone. This being the case, I imagine there must be at least 30,000 art schools in the United States. They are pouring out painters by the hundreds

every year. These painters must earn a living of some kind, but at the present time the demand for paintings is almost entirely limited to a few successful names. There are pictures everywhere—galleries, museums, and studio attics loaded to the rafters.

I know of no other age where such a thing has occurred. The artist in other days has always held a respected and useful position in his community. The caveman recorded the results of the hunt, or fashioned beautiful implements. That was his interest. We all know of the work of the Egyptian artists in decorating and designing temples of worship. In another age, when the chief interest of the day was religion, we find perhaps our greatest art. In Pompeii, it seems that everything remaining today was fashioned by the artists of the community. From the kitchen scales to the paintings on the walls in his home, everything was exquisitely done. You will find no art galleries in Pompeii. It is a curious thing that in our age, which is a machine age, we should find so few artists working for

industry.

It is not the advertiser's fault that his advertising illustrations are usually so poor. It is because he has no choice. It is not the manufacturer's fault that he finds it necessary to pay Bel Geddes \$50.00 for a gas range. It is because he must take a good designer, and there are only five or six good, outstanding designers available in this country at the present time. They are making a clean-up. It is a matter of supply and demand. How long it will last probably depends on the attitude of the art schools in this country. They still have the attitude that the artist is prostituting his Art if he does anything for industry. You will notice that people who tell you this are generally people who are a little out of step with the times. They are more apt to point out that the old-fashioned ways are the best. Well, they are picturesque, but I doubt very much whether they would be the best for us. For instance, a covered wagon is a picturesque thing, and yet if I were to take a trip across the plains I would much prefer to go in an air-conditioned train or by the United Air Lines.

BEAUTY . BY D. COWLES

"that we shall never know exactly why a thing is beautiful."

What is Beauty? How many times have you asked yourself this question?

The Greek philosophers claimed Beauty to be symmetry, proportion, and an organic order of the parts united in a whole.

Other philosophers such as Winckelmann and Lessing cast little light on the subject since they are so greatly influenced by the Greeks. But in Kant and Schopenhauer a new note sounds. To them Beauty becomes that quality whereby an object pleases us regardless of its use, stirring in us a disinterested happiness—an idle contemplation. Schopenhauer elaborates this statement by adding his belief that the intellect is, for a moment, emancipated from desire and realizes those eternal forms which make up the outward aspects of the "Universal Will."

So it goes! A continual "see-saw" between new and old ideas. The definition of Beauty cannot be standardized—even philosophers agree to that. Yet there is one definition to which we all agree. (At least, all the Illustration students.)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ODYSSEY CRUISE

BY GEORGE MORFESIS

THE grumbling vibration beneath forced upon me the realization that soon I would see whales spouting, fish flying, and other rare happenings of the blue Atlantic. At one time having only been able to dream of a Mediterranean cruise, I now sat comfortably in my deck chair, aboard the stately "Conte Grande," thinking that my dream would fade into the background to make way for the true vision.

Three days; and finally we sighted land. The beautiful Azores — a visit never to be forgotten! One interested in water color would rejoice at finding such a spot. To the very tips of the enormous hills, vivid cultivated fields dominated the landscape. Watching the quaintly-dressed "home folks" jog along the pebbled streets, narrow yet beautiful in contrasts and compositions, one wanted to sketch everything in sight. To my dismay, I found the natives even more practical in money matters than we Americans. While we should be only too glad to have our photographs taken without any obligation, the fair Azorian damsels would not think of posing without some payment, in advance.

The sun was turning its usual golden red as it began to set, but with a new freshness seldom seen in the States. For smoke and gaseous vapors were thousands of miles away, and since no other impurities of industry obstructed our view, we well enjoyed the sight, breath-

ing deeply all the while without the fear of any contamination. Aboard the "Conte" once more, we made ready to leave this little spot of Beauty so far away from artificiality — and on to the mainland, Europe!

The view one sees in the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal's magnificent capitol, surpasses any I have ever gazed upon for order and cleanliness. One is immediately impressed by grand white homes in the modern style, which, by the way, seems to dominate the greater part of Europe. But of the many points of interest, none compares I believe with Lisbon's Botanical Gardens. The enclosure of so vast an area was a feat in itself. Among the many varieties of plantlife to be seen, I recognized a familiar species of cactus, upon whose kin on the prairies of dear old New Mexico I often had the pleasure of alighting.

Lisbon is indeed a great and beautiful city with its wide boulevards, proud monuments; cathedrals; castles; world-famous universities and museums. We leave, holding fast to the memory of a lovely plateau, gleaming white amidst the mountainous greenery that is Portugal; and with the song of the "Torreador" on our lips, we watch the "Conte" slowly glide away, ever deeper into Europe.

Much is said and read of Gibraltar's magnificence, but one must see, to feel its grasp, austere and calm, over the

DECORATIONS BY S. M. DA COSTA

countries of the Mediterranean. Guns poking from out the sides of its enormous bulk almost frighten one away, and yet a magnetic air surrounds you, holds you in its grip, calling you to further exploration. Unfortunately however, the ship remained only to refuel. Gibraltar kept its secret;—and we were off to Africa.

The sun, rising over the horizon back of Algiers, was to me the most spectacular colorful, clearest "break of dawn" I'd ever seen. As the gigantic liner was towed alongside the French-African dock, the many staring eyes aboard looked eagerly at these scenes they'd often read about at home. Arabians, Africans, Frenchmen, and many other nationalities represented under the fez of Algiers, jammed the busy streets. Our visit to the French section was interesting, but it seemed to lack some of that adventuresome African air one hoped to find here. But when my two companions and I reached the Arabian Quarter finally, we all expressed our satisfaction. Here we found half-breeds, Arab sheikhs, dragomen and gutter snipes, all wearing haughty mien amid the filth and stench of their surroundings. Narrow streets and alleys woven with shadows cast by banners, signs, and the dingy hovels, gave a certain sinister air to everything. We stepped over many rows of shoes through a church door. Inside, more filthy yet, were



murmuring worshippers; outdoors, at least, there was some hint of purer oxygen roaming among the outnumbering impure vapors.

Once outside again, I noticed some veiled young ladies. Always ready with my faithful camera, I tried to snap a photograph of one whose eyes, which were the only visible attraction, seemed to convey one of those "come hither" looks. No sooner had I projected my lens than a swift and painful crack fell across my knuckles. It seems an Arab close beside me—without the least good reason, as far as I could see at the time—had swung his walking stick at my camera, and missing that, had at least the satisfaction of thwacking my hand. On the part of a very hot-headed Greek (myself to wit), this called for action. The Arab was felled—with the aid of my two companions—; but, with what appeared to be a few hundred of his companions assisting, we were overwhelmed. Somehow, we managed to escape the mob scene with only two very swollen eyes apiece. No doubt we had sent a few to hospitals though, if Algeria can boast of any.

We snapped our photo from the security of an automobile.

As if regretting that we had to leave, we drifted slowly out of the harbor, but our nose was pointing to Sicily. Palermo—our next stop—had much artistic interest. A city surrounded with mountains (and filled with “Black Shirts”), it is a spot beautiful with contrasting greens, rising out of the blue Mediterranean. To me the greater part of Palermo lay in the magnificent cathedral of Montreale just outside the city, its Massimo theater, and its Catacombs, gruesome as can be; its cafes; its colorful little carriages. All are of interest to the traveller, but I missed the quality of adventure.

WE soon see smoke ahead, perhaps a vision; and then it takes solid form and grandeur—massive Vesuvius. One needs many days for Naples, but only hours were allowed us. A car rushed us to Pompeii for one brief glimpse of its part-rediscovered glory; then a closer look at Mount Vesuvius. I remember too the new, impressive, modern Central Station, the strongly fortified Castel Nuovo Parthenope, and the superb Piazza of St. Francis. There were many spots to linger over, but I believe it only right that we should travel on to Greece, which constitutes the major portion of my cruise. Off then to Patras, “Conte Grande!”

As we approached this Grecian harbor, queer feelings came over me that were unexplainable. I knew I was to visit the great Acropolis, and touch the Parthenon, and face Hermes; but I was also to see the little town from which my parents came. Perhaps I should sleep upon my granddad’s bed, and walk on stones my ancestors had once trod

on. I should also see the Megaspilion, or great cave, of Ulysses, near my father’s homeplace which was named Ithaca by the greatest people who have ever lived.

We remained in Patras several days, then took ship for Ithaca. It was a Sunday morning when we came into port. Tiny rowboats came alongside our small ship, and in one stood an uncle, an aunt, a cousin, and other relatives—they *all* seemed to be relatives. I noticed tears come to my father’s eyes as we docked; mother embraced her father, who alone of my grandparents was alive. I must confess a lump came to my own throat. My Dad had not been home for twenty-four years, had left with a mother and father to bid him goodbye, and now returned, without them here to greet him.

My granddad was the nicest little fellow you would want around; but all the relatives made a hit with me, for they gave us royal hospitality. Every day was filled with pleasant living: swimming, eating wonderful fruits, and gazing at the clearest sky I’ve ever seen. But by the end of a few weeks even this became monotonous routine, so I bid everyone farewell and headed for Athens.

As our ship “Amvraicus” steamed into the port of Piraeus, I was completely astounded, for little did I dream that this country had so far advanced in modern methods. We daily hear of progress toward the modern goal made by Spain, Italy, Turkey, and other countries of the Mediterranean; but Greece must have either scandal or revolution to make news in our “dailies.” From what I witnessed I can well assure you Greece deserves much more credit than is given her.

Athens being ten miles distant, we ar-

ranged to taxi from Piraeus, and finally arrived at the home of friends with whom I was quickly congenial. It was a relief to be in a country whose natives I could understand—for incidentally, I do know how to speak the language. After due initiation by both friends and relatives into the mannerisms of the Athenian, I began to look about me for the well-known buildings, statues, schools, and museums I had so often heard of. And I shall introduce you to my cousin Tellie (Aristotle was his name!) who had appointed himself my chief guide, feeling sure that he would never speak to me if I should make that oversight.

In that inextinguishable fund of memories I acquired in Greece, those few wonderful weeks, visiting priceless spots of fame, will forever hold a glow. I cannot express in words that first thrill of the long ride up the hill to the Acropolis. When I sat upon a massive section of one of the Parthenon's ancient pillars, I felt as conquering Alexander must have felt after his first victory. And as I stood beside the columns of the Olympian Dios towering so high above me, I felt very small, yet very fortunate. The Thesion, or Temple of Theseus, was the most complete of those crumbling marvels. Most of these ancient and glorious relics of the great Greek Civilization are housed in modern buildings and museums, which I visited in gratitude for their safekeeping. There are too the old boulevards of Zappion, whose beautiful palms, still breathing in a subtle ancient air, wave gracefully over the heads of modern passers-by.

Another treat was my trip to the Olympia, where I met that fellow, Hermes; and I could go on ceaselessly

extolling Beauty as the Greek has visualized it in this statue of which he is so proud. For I was flabbergasted by it, by its symbol whose power I could feel, but barely understand.

I made a journey aboard an Athenian express to Istanbul, but I could not enjoy the Turkish atmosphere, as those who know me will surmise. So quickly back to Athens, and once again, Piraeus, before we entered our last lap in Ithaca. When finally the time for our departure came, there seemed to be a silence over the whole island. For relatives and friends alike knew they were losing, perhaps forever, two friends of long-standing in my father and mother, and a new acquaintance in me.

The "Conte Grande" was cutting its way into the Mediterranean again, and just as Patras had come into view that day now three months gone, so did it fade from sight. Standing close to the rail once more, gazing deep into the distant shore, my eyes began to sting. A foolish, inescapable mood grew upon me. I saw again the stately pillars of the Acropolis, and of the Temple of Dios, and Hermes, seeming to raise his hand and say farewell. And another vision came to me—one of a little gray old grandfather whom I should probably never see again; and he was saying: "Good-bye, Georgie."



THE WATER COLOR SHOW

Reviewed by
Donald E. Cooke

"Alora"
by Thornton Oakley



Plates through Courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

THERE are some people, I believe, who scoff at exhibitions and "exhibition paintings." Probably this is in many cases because the scoffers are artists who have had their work turned down at current shows. But, of course, there are other, more widespread reasons for the disrepute into which the exhibitor has fallen in recent years. The intellectual snob who is above commercialism, but who carts his rubbish from one cheap exhibition to another in the hope of selling it to dealers for ridiculous prices, is one reason. Another reason is the horrible flood of European modernism that overwhelmed this country for a few years—a rising tide which even swept as high as the oldest and most traditional of our academic exhibitions—a mad torrent of nightmares whose dreamers named them art. Such paintings, or rather daubs, as many of them undoubtedly are, being fit for no possible practical use, found the exhibition to be the only support of their short

lives. As a result, all the departures of modernism at its worst seemed to dominate shows long enough to give "exhibition pieces" a bad name among certain classes of artists and the public. But it is my belief that there should be no such thing as an "exhibition piece." I think that all important art shows worthy of the name should be gatherings of works, every single one of which has a meaning, a purpose and a use outside the exhibition itself, even if it be so humble a use as the decoration of some household wall. All other types of exhibitions have such a function—why shouldn't an art show? For instance, if the Franklin Institute should put on an exhibition of machinery which contained nothing but gadgets which had no use whatsoever, would not even run, and which, in short, were made for the sole purpose of being exhibited in the Franklin Institute, would you be interested? You might go out of curiosity and to laugh at the work of madmen, but for nothing else. In the same way, if a painting is not fit to ornament the wall of a home, is of no use as an illustration, and has no other apparent purpose, then it is not fit to hang in an exhibition.

I am, of course, speaking of those paintings which fall under the classification of the "istic" schools. Their promoters will immediately tell me that such paintings have a purpose and a meaning, and will launch into some long discourse to describe it. I should like to warn them that true artists never speak for their art. *Their art speaks for them.*

In general, so far as I have been able

to judge, the annual water color exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy lives up to the ideal I have outlined. Especially this past Fall I was impressed by the consistent level of sane paintings that was maintained. Except for one or two out of some 850 paintings, there was nothing that could be classed as ultra-modern in the worst sense of the word.

Yet in spite of the fact that the 1935 water color show was rather carefully protected from unsafe and insane paintings of the "ism" schools, I did not feel that there was anything greatly arousing in the general tone of the exhibition. The percentage of exciting or extraordinary paintings was, I thought, rather low. But this does not, as it may seem, point to the conclusion that futurism or

Cont. →

♦ "At Girard Point"
by J. Frank Copeland



cubism was needed to liven things up. A painting can be exciting without bearing the title "South of Scranton," or "Northeast of Kalamazoo."

Thornton Oakley's group accomplished it. The paintings are exciting, beautiful and at the same time sane. Yet their saneness does not interfere with a certain wild abandon that one reads in his scenes.

While I think there was no other group in the show more worthy of the Philadelphia water color prize than Mr. Oakley's, there were several other artists represented with very strong groups. I shall not attempt to discuss the merits of all of them since I feel that it is more appropriate to mention only those exhibitors connected with this school.

Our faculty, as usual, was well represented, as the illustrations indicate. Besides Mr. Oakley's there were the works of Mr. Copeland, Mr. Dull, Miss Hall, Mr. Horter, Mr. Merrick, Mr. Pitz, Mr. Pullinger, Miss Sweeney, Mr. Walton, and Mr. Warwick. All were well represented.

Not the least noteworthy of our school's exhibiting group was the number of students whose work found a place in the show. They were: William Campbell, 3rd yr. illus.; Beryl Cook, 4th yr. pict. ex.; Donald Cooke, 3rd yr. pict. ex.; Samuel Feinstein, 4th yr. pict. ex.; William Rickert, Jr., 4th yr. illus.; Joseph Smith, 4th yr. pict. ex.; Victor Trasoff, 3rd yr. adv.

Of the paintings from this group, I found Samuel Feinstein's and Beryl Cook's industrial sketches especially interesting. They are very similar in style—free in technique, rich in color.

William Campbell's two "patternistic rockscapes," as I take the liberty to call them, are also worthy of note. While I felt that one was a bit mannered, they both interested me from the standpoint of color and design.

Joseph Smith was represented with three freshly painted studies—two of horses, superb in rendering, and one of a fishing boat. The latter seems to be a new departure in technique for Smith and is by no means inferior to his other work.

Victor Trasoff's conventionalized patterns of Rockport views are modern, but not too wild an extreme. They present a rather different method of approach that is not at all displeasing.

"Along Adam's Avenue" by William Rickert, is an example of good, strong water color. It is not unusual either in treatment or subject matter, but extremely satisfying in every way.

Before closing, I should like to mention that Virginia Burr, 3rd yr. pict. ex., was represented in the Academy Summer School section of the exhibition with a group of five-minute life sketches for which she won a ten dollar prize. Congratulations, Miss Burr!

And in conclusion I shall simply add that while, as I said a moment ago, I was not greatly excited by the general tone of the 1935 water color show, nevertheless I found it full of good, pleasing and useful work, and containing a few very excellent paintings—which, after all, is almost as much as one could ask. Above all, I feel that we should be extremely proud that our school was so well represented. Let us strive for some even better work next year!

Beauty is not only a terrible, it is a mysterious thing. There God and the devil strive for mastery, and the battleground is the heart of men.—Dostoevsky.

METAL WORKING

MARGUERITE WAGNER

I HAVE often wondered if any of the newcomers of our P. M. S. I. A. have been struck with the idea of it's being haunted—'specially if they have wandered in the neighborhood of 310! No, my chilluns, 'tain't a haunt. Jes' poke your nose around that corner, and discover the reason for the unearthly wailing and whining and pounding. 'Tis the place where the metal workers hold forth, banging shapeless pieces of metal into great fruit bowls or any other things you may fancy, using both brain and brawn to design useful and beautiful articles, and then executing them as perfectly as the mind's eye sees them. It is strange and rather wonderful, this seeing a product of one's imagination finally assume a tangible form. One experiences a certain feeling of completeness that surrounds the making of something from beginning to end—a satisfaction that is in itself a thrill.

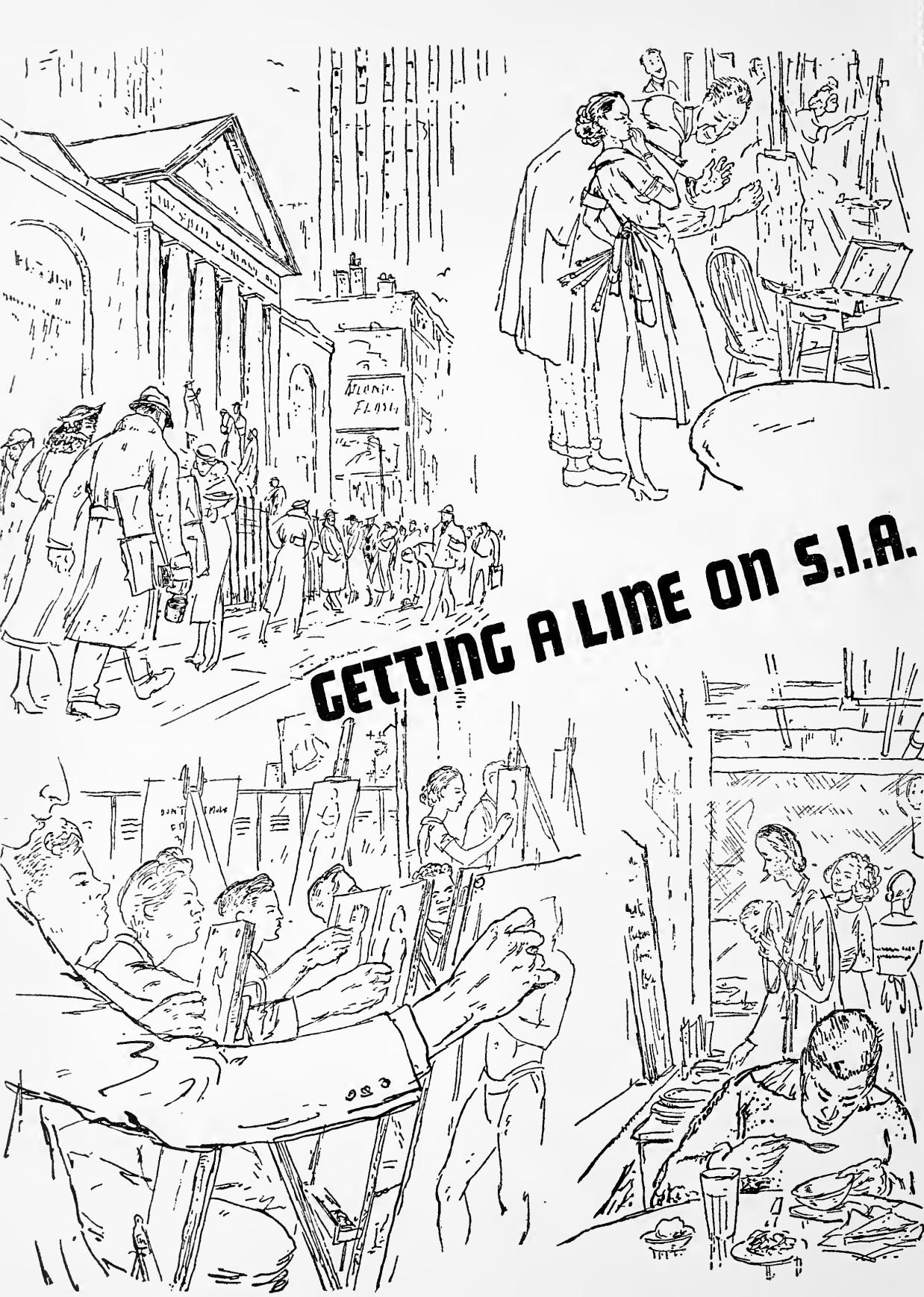
Of course, as a certain poet wisely remarked, "there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip"—which little ditty applies aptly to the immediate topic of discussion. Things do happen, such as burning a hole (oh, woeful thought) in a bowl that you've slaved over for eons. Or you might solder a clasp tightly and completely closed, never again to be opened, on a pin that you consider a masterpiece of filing and engraving. Yet with that awful, woe-begone, sinking feeling that accompanies a happening of this sort, there is the hopeful, trust-

ing thought that, "Well, even so, Mr. Gilchrist will know what to do." No error, no matter how appalling it may seem, is absolutely irreparable, for this kind gentleman looks a minute, thinks a while, and with the idea forthcoming, your troubles are over.

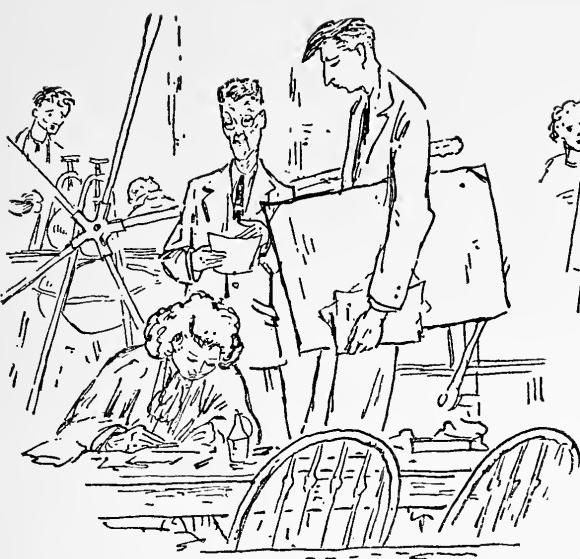
And such a variety of things one can fashion! Bowls—each one is different. It's actually more difficult to make two that are identical! And, as you hammer, the ideas fly out of your very tools, and with such a variety of means to an end, the finished product has every chance of evolving into something expressive, unique, and most of all, beautiful.

Then again, if this seemingly haphazard method of approach holds no charm at the moment, you design something completely and entirely on paper. This you build from the ground up, step by step, slowly and surely, following your previously thought-out plan, amazed and delighted with the metamorphosis.

Metal, as a medium of expression, has endless possibilities. It has enough strength in itself to withstand a wishy-washy attack, yet it is sufficiently pliable to be made to behave if one has a definite end in view. So you see, working in metal helps your very vague ideas to become realities, and in doing so, urges the student towards clearer and finer thinking, understanding and appreciation.



GETTING A LINE ON S.I.A.



BY BILL RICKERT



FASHION NOTES

MISS RICKERT

An Interview Prepared by
KAE COLE

In order that the whole school should know a little bit more of the opportunities derived from the Costume Design Course, I have interviewed Miss Rickert, supervisor of the course and connected with Wm. Openhym and Sons, New York. She has been kind enough to answer a few questions for us.

First Question—What opportunities will you have in taking the Costume Design Course?

Perhaps I can better explain that by saying to you that if a student had no desire to specialize in any academic work, I would recommend that she take the course in Costume Design. I say this because I think it would give her a great deal of preparation for anything she might wish to do. The course in Costume Design is so planned as to develop in girls a definite understanding of good taste. In addition to this, a thorough knowledge of color as regards costume in general and personal dressing in particular can be obtained.

I know of no girl, no matter how much money she has or what she plans to do after her schooling, who would not be better off for a knowledge of sewing. It is not always a case of doing it yourself, but it certainly is a case of being capable of telling someone how to do it—or being smart enough to detect something wrong. I think the background



obtained in the prerequisite courses in Costume Design—namely, sketching and anatomy—are also very valuable. Every woman, as you must agree, has certain good and bad points in her make-up. Costume Design Course should, in the development of original design, teach a girl to minimize the bad points of her figure and accentuate the good ones.

Second question—What positions are you fitted for after graduation?

Generalizing, I would say you are well fitted for fashion positions. By fashion positions I mean positions in retail and wholesale establishments and textile firms which require feminine judgment and a knowledge of clothes. In this I do not refer to designers. There are positions of fashion training, educational departments, Junior Executives in the merchandising end, color selectors and coordinators. The development of the above positions usually occurs within the establishment after you have secured the position. What I mean to explain to you is that in applying for the position, the fact that you have graduated from a school such as the Penna. Museum School and majored in the course of Costume Design is very helpful in securing work.

Third question — How large is the field for Dress Designers?

Very, very large, and growing every day. It is growing because definite steps have been taken to prohibit "copying." Therefore, small houses who have heretofore resorted to this means of getting styles, must now hire designers who will originate styles for them. More than that, I think the general standard of good taste is being elevated in the United States today. This means that a new type of designer who has a thorough knowledge of the needs of smart women and is well acquainted with the places these women frequent and the clothes they wear is much more in demand.

I am told by manufacturers more and more each day that they are hiring girls who have a structural knowledge of and training in design.

ATTENTION FIRST YEAR STUDENTS! *At last, you say, some recognition! A column prepared for us!*

Probably you have been wondering just when and where you're going to learn about the ins and outs of your chosen course. I remember what a dark and mysterious future it seemed to me. So hear ye, all who are interested in fashion illustration!

Which questions shall I answer first? Oh yes, of course you want to know who the instructor is. Mr. Robert Rushton—who watches over his flock with an eagle eye. Six hours a week we spend under his direction, working from the living model, and we are trained to draw fashions which include everything from sporty sports to glamorous evening gowns and dignified swallow tails. Generally, in the three hours we find time for five and ten minute sketches, so, you swift pencilers, here's loads of fun.

Any medium may be used, just so you get a pleasing effect. So if you are adept in pen and ink or water color, here you can blossom forth in all your glory. Pastels, pencil and other media can be used to get your study and rendering of various textures of materials.

Naturally, fashion illustration and costume design are closely related, so three hours a week you spend putting on paper all those unique ideas you have kept stored in your brain, and learning the practical side of dress design. All this is under the direction of Miss Hilda Orth. Besides this research work, if you are so inclined, you can actually make a dress.

SKETCHING UNDER

By MARY E. WINSTON

ON a beautiful afternoon last fall, a school friend and I decided that we would rather go out and try to paint what a certain awe-inspiring teacher describes with glowing and juicy words as "the glory of autumn" than sit in a classroom and draw weird faces, astounding hands, and extraordinary hair in an attempt to sketch in the modern manner, whatever that may be. Accordingly, we blithely cut class, silencing a wee murmur of conscience by arguing that, after all, we were going out to work, and not to the movies or to some other too, too light amusement.

As I had persuaded my fond papa that he really could do without the car for one day, we had it at our disposal. We had no particular destination in mind, but we were full of enthusiasm for the quality of that autumn day, and decided that we must get out into the country in some spot where there was lots of air and sunshine, a huge expanse of blue sky, some colorful trees and one or two old houses. Amid much chatter about which direction we should take and why old houses were so much nicer to paint than new ones, we piled what seemed like an enormous number of paint boxes, brushes, water jars, canvases, and drawing boards into the back of the car, stowed ourselves in the front, and set off in search of artistic adventure. Our tortoise-like progress through city traffic was positively galling when time was so precious, but by the time we had fluently and heatedly talked all

cars but our own into a place where they would cease to be troublesome, we had put the congested areas behind us. It was wonderful to feel the zoom of the car on a smooth, wide road where one could gaze ahead without seeing only the funny-looking neck of some driver, and where one could gaze to the right or left and see trees and sky instead of "Luncheonette"—"Park Here, 25c"—"Clearance Sale, Everything at Crushing Prices."

This smooth, curving road was one which goes to Norristown—I think it's called the Ridge Road, and there are plenty of nice old houses and barns along beside it. In fact, we found so many scenes that we couldn't make up our minds which to paint. We drove along slowly, munching sickle-pears and getting ecstatic over this house or that barn, those sky or them tree. After a good deal of rubbernecking and enthusing, we decided that we had better begin to work, or the sunshine and the blue sky and color which we had set out to find would all be gone. With a highly



BULLY CONDITIONS

Illustrated by Barbara Crawford

commendable amount of will power, we made our choice between several lovely scenes, and after receiving permission from a bored gas station attendant to park our car at his place, we lugged our materials back to the spot where we expected to create our masterpieces. To our horror, we discovered that in order to paint the house of our choice, we would have to sit in the middle of the road!

"Tsk, tsk," said I, "how very uncomfortable."

"What shall we do?" said my friend, who is much given to asking this question, always with an excitable, rising inflection, but with such a cheerful, unconcerned expression on her face that no one, not even herself, takes it seriously. However, it had to be answered, in deeds if not in words, so we hobbled to the side of the road to discuss the matter.

An innocent-looking field opposite to the house attracted our eagle eye, not only because it commanded almost the view we wished to paint, but also be-

cause it promised a haven from the peering eyes of our public. Little recked we that there are things more distracting than peering eyes. With the bliss of ignorance, we made our way to the house, which seemed to go with the field. Remembering the admonitions of wise teachers that artists should act as much like ladies and gentlemen as possible in order to dispel the illusion of long-haired barbarity, we had decided to ask the owner whether we might sit in his field. When we reached the door, I looked around for the bell, which didn't exist. Through a window we caught a glimpse of the vanishing skirt of a woman who had probably seen us on the porch. Feeling that it was rather superfluous to knock, I knocked nevertheless, as there seemed something vaguely spooky about being suddenly discovered on the porch with no announcement of our arrival. The knock was answered by a nondescript female with a none-too-clean apron over her cotton dress. We explained politely that we wished to sketch the house



across the road, and might we sit in her field, please? She smiled and looked less nondescript.

"Well, I don't know," she said, coming out on the porch and looking at the field as if she had never seen it before. "I'll have to ask the mister. You see, we got two young bulls in that field."

It was now our turn to look at the field in a new light.

"I don't see any bulls, do you, Stella?" said I. Stella, with a grin, said she didn't either.

"Well, they're over there," said the woman in her nasal voice. "You can't see 'em on account they're behind that there mound in the field."

"Oh," we said.

By standing on tiptoe we managed to see a few of the hairs on their backs, which looked so un-terrifying that we asked if we couldn't just sit in the lower part of the field and maybe the bulls wouldn't see us. She didn't seem to think that was such a hot idea, and after repeating her statement that she would have to ask the mister, she disappeared into the house. We speculated as to the identity of this mysterious personage, known as the mister, and concluded that he was probably what is termed the lord and master.

THE female reappeared after a few moments, re-inforced with another nondescript female and a little man who was chewing a straw. We all repaired to a spot outside the fence of the all-important field, and debated as to whether it would be safe or unsafe to sketch in said field. We had a good look at the bulls, who were completely disinterested, standing side by side and munching things. Looking from the bulls to Mr. Straw-chewer, I wondered

if farmers chew because of their proximity to constantly masticating animals, but recalling the number of city dwellers who substitute gum for straw, and my own gleeful chewing when in private, I decided that the urge to chew is shared equally by humans and beasties only the beasties chew for a purpose. But to return to the story after this unpardonable digression, Mr. Straw-chewer said:

"I don't think them bulls will bother you, but understand, you set in that field at your own risk, because y'know if you're dead, you're dead, an' there ain't anything can be done about it."

We found this slightly depressing. It was unnecessary, we thought, to bring in that dead business—so suggestive of corpses and things. However, the afternoon was getting on, and we said we would risk it. Mr. Straw-chewer removed a couple of boards from the fence, and we crawled through, the nondescript females helping us with our things, which we then carried to the place from which we wished to sketch. It was with a distinct sense of uneasiness that we watched Mr. Straw-chewer carefully replace the boards in the fence, and it was positively creepy to see the way in which all three of our observers leaned their elbows on the palings and looked over them as if they were waiting for something to happen. From our place in the field we were unable to see the bulls on account of the mound, and they were unable to see us, which was a blessing. After shooing several scrawny chickens out of the way, we began to arrange our respective equipments, wondering if it were possible to concentrate on autumn glories with such distractions as an interested if remote audience, bulls, chickens and

other things which we somewhat belatedly discovered in the field.

Our subject was really a lovely one. An old house with very simple lines, a few large and beautiful trees which cast lovely shadows on its roof and walls, a barn behind the house, behind the barn, fields which stretched away into a blue haze that was a line of trees. There was also the inevitable gas pump, sticking its flat head in front of the house, accompanied by a sign which said "GAS 13c plus 4c tax plus 1c tax." The sign struck me as being slightly funny, but not funny enough to go in my picture, which would probably turn out funny anyway, though not intentionally so.

Stella was splashing away with water color, but before I could begin, I had to persuade the chickens that oil paints weren't at all good for their tummies. When they finally understood, they waddled away, but none of them dropped dead as I expected.

We were both busily at work, Stella decorating yours truly with paint from her brush, which she swung with the most joyous abandon, and I smearing thick gobbs of paint on my canvas with a palette knife, when Mr. Straw-chewer entered the field, bringing a couple of old rugs for us to sit on. We thanked him sweetly, and he proceeded to ask questions—many questions. Was that oil paint? And that was water color? What school did we go to? Were we afraid of the bulls? Well, he thought they were perfectly safe. By and by,

to our relief, he departed. But there was not to be peace for long. It was now time for all the kiddies to return from school, which they did, and with plenty of noise. They perched on the fence, obscuring our view, and made what they fondly believed to be witty remarks about artists and "pitchers." They were very anxious to enter the field and view these queer creatures at close range, but when a board in the fence started to give way beneath a dozen pairs of small feet, they got scared and ran away.

With no more interruptions, we finished our "pitchers" and made a safe exit from the field. Our three friends plus a little old granny all came scurrying out to see our work.

"Oh, ain't they nice! You'd just know it was that old house, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, you would. And the barn, too, Emmy. Don't forget the barn."

Thus spake the two nondescript females, while Mr. Straw-chewer and Granny merely smiled, clucked, and grunted. We returned the rugs, thanked our host and hostesses for their kindness, waved goodbye to the bulls who only kept on munching things, and departed up the road, feeling in rather a glow, not only because of the fresh air and appreciation shown our work, but also because of the warm, natural friendliness shown us by these farm people. Once more we piled our things into the car, and started off for home. There was nothing wonderful about the work we had done, but we had had a wonderful time.

WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL
552 North 23rd Street
Philadelphia, PA 19130

A WORD TO THE STUDENT

By EARLE HORTER

THE synthetic state of Art Production today has a distinct effect on the student activities in good as well as bad ways—bad for the youthful mind because its fascination and freedom take the worker too rapidly into the rarified state of the Creative—absorbs him to the exclusion of very important routine that is the essential grammar of all Art. It is important to have tolerance of good structural drawing, the ability to use it intelligently, and the ability to use materials meticulously when necessary, in short, the perfecting of the ways and means whereby a work is created.

The aliveness of the Modern Works, their expressionistic tendency, the glamour of their color, their lack of restriction, is apt to draw students away from the sometimes arduous tasks of a serious technical training, forgetting at the time that such artists as Picasso, Matisse, Broque, and Desain are masters of their materials. It may not be generally known, but Matisse in his early life was an accomplished painter of very academic subjects and made his livelihood copying Old Masters with a complete understanding of their styles, glazing methods and uses of their pigments entirely out of Art today. The very thought of copying an Old Master would disgust the average Art Student now.

Renoir aptly stated that Art was learned in the museums, and there seems to be much truth in the statement. Students today do not spend enough time before really fine pictures.

Earle Horter

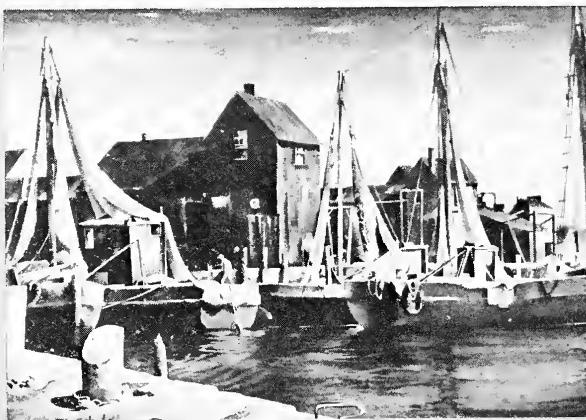
Pictures often tiresome enough in themselves have a real secret of technique and some minor mastery to reveal to any of us. Picasso copied Murillo and the early Spanish Masters at the age of 15 years. He was a master of his materials at the age of 20. The famous picture of Bulls and Figures in the Barnes Foundation was painted in his early 20's and in his late 20's he became the prime factor in the Cubistic Movement which reached such astounding historical importance in almost an accidental way. It certainly was in no way a premeditated one. Picasso has passed through so many important stages of development and experiment that no one can really determine the extent of his many influences. His studio is a veritable laboratory of Art. His production is enormous and varied. Apparently increasing in his work, he has always achieved surprising results.

All these productions have a vital influence on the Student today, and are often confusing, I should think. Modern tendencies and stylizations should be very carefully explained to students lest they become too much affected by the externals of the different schools, and in order that they become conscious of the real contribution of this art. In this way they will acquire a really intelligent attitude toward it, realizing that it is another branch of the tree from which all art springs, in no way disturbing the marvelous work of the previous Masters in all ages. I see nothing confusing in the present whirl-

gig of pictorial expression with all its "isms." It is really easy to mark a trail through the field of Art if one will be liberal enough and inquisitive enough to get the Aesthetic House in order. It is the duty of the instructor to know the needs of the Students and help them toward a Future for which they are destined, dispelling the confusion that so often confronts the youthful artist, and giving them the help that develops them as personalities in their efforts.

The practical side of Art is important, and in illustration, decoration, and the many branches of the commercial field, Art instructors should not tangle the student with aesthetic vagaries so sweet to the painter. They speak different languages—each has its opportunity for Beauty and expression. Certain essentials to the painter would, I think, destroy the value of certain kinds of good illustrations, and the illustrative qual-

ties of many well known works contributes to their lack of value as works of art. The good old Battle Pictures of the 18th century French may not interest the student of today, but they are marvelously painted and express to the observer the terrors of War, giving the general public no end of story telling value. The wonderfully literal still life subjects of the Dutch school and Chardins effected essentially men such as Cezanne and later Bragie and Matisse, etc. The Modulated forms of El Greco's draperies and clothes of his Saints have a direct influence through Cezanne to the Cubists. Beardsley in his field was interested in Japanese prints and in drawings on Greek vases. Early French fashion engravings are not unlike our Godey's Magazine illustrations of the days of our grandfathers. Beardsley was a decided influence on our fashion artist and on the Commercial artist, on



book illustrators such as Dulac, Elistir and many others. I know of lots of Dulac books directly influenced by the Art of the Persian miniatures.

And so it goes, and always will go, on and on. Out of the Art of the Past come directly the Arts of the Future. The student in his various fields should know the artists of the past, and he can easily find, in one well chosen bookshelf, reproductions of almost all Art of the Past and Present. These he should

study intelligently for his own development. The schools give him the training he so much needs at first. Later, his contacts with the World that uses his work afford the professional development of his style. No worker ever passes the student state or he is finished. Part, if not the greatest mystery of all Art is the infinite lure of future fields to conquer, the eternal and joyous search for Beauty, and the expression of it in some medium for Posterity.

THE DELTA ASSOCIATION

THE past Fall, filled as it

was with a great deal of student activity, boasts an event which we feel deserves some recognition in this magazine—the organization of the Delta Association.

As everyone knows, a meeting of the student body was called early last November, when the president of the Lambda Chi Delta Fraternity, William German, explained the purpose and aims of the Association. Since the members of the fraternity feel that there are still some people in the school who do not wholly understand the proposition, we shall try to explain it here.

The Delta Association is made up of those persons who have contributed the sum of twenty-five cents to the organization. The Association, directed by the officers of the fraternity, plans to use this money to improve the school in a number of ways. Some money will go towards the beautification of the school yard. Another fund is being kept to buy books for our library. There is also a certain amount spent upon equipment for the speakers at the Thursday lectures which are sponsored by the Association.

A few of the aims of the Association, as outlined by members of the fraternity are as follows:

"To make better known, in the professional world, the purposes and accomplishments of this, our school; to stimulate twentieth century ideas in art; to strive for a more perfect understanding between faculty and student; to create a closer union between the student and those engaged in commercial and industrial pursuits."

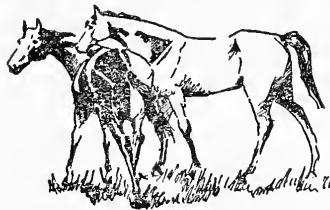
The *Sketchbook* is whole-heartedly back of the Association and its aims, and we should like to congratulate those students who have gone to so much trouble in organizing it. We shall point out, however, one thing which we feel leaves something to be desired in an organization of this kind. It is the fact that the members of the Association themselves, who have contributed their twenty-five cents, have no say as to how the money is to be spent.

We do not mean to slight the leaders of this fine movement in any way. We simply wish to suggest to the students that it is their right to have some voice in the disposal of their dues if they wish.

Naturally, this is a matter for the members themselves to decide.

Notes from Students' Sketchbooks

Darlene Crawford



Jacqueline Bird

Charcoal Dust

By THE SCRATCHER

SIMILARITES

Victor Trasoff and Sherlock Holmes.
Barrow and King Tut's mummy.
Thornton Oakley and Beethoven.
Mr. Warwick and Julius Caesar.
Dick Hess and Kate Smith.

* * *

Georgia McKinney, popular pixpressionist propounds a plan for pecuniary speculation. Trolleying back from a landscape attempt one day, she balanced the ubiquitous tin bucket on her lap, minus its lid. Dink! A milk mannered philanthropist dropped a dime in it. Any art student can work this racket. See Morris Berd for dark glasses.

* * *

If anyone yelled "contact!" Bob Geise's bow tie would start spinning.

* * *

About the Freshman class: Reading's "Flick" constantly draws inebriates for action figures. A bright eyed youth brought to the boy's locker room a glass container obviously manufactured for the purpose of containing "Spiritus Frumenti." The prettiest girl in school in this class.

* * *

SCOOP

The eternal feud between the advertisers and the illustrators still rages. Milton Ackoff dealt the first blow by posting a clipping about babooish Brodovitch on the bulletin board. Waldo (Archbishop) Sheldon retaliated with a clipping concerning the onomatopoeic Oakley, mounted on cardboard. Trasoff said Sheldon's layout was *absol-oakley awful*. On November 22, a Philadelphia

columnist printed an account of the feud. He gleaned his information word for word from a letter sent him by yours truly.

SCRATCHES

Futilistic Mutt and Jeff cutting class for a happy afternoon of cinematographing—returning from their escapade, they encounter the teacher of that class on Broad Street. Joe Mazotta's imitations of the faculty. Feinstein making an end run in one of the noon football games. Aurelius Renzetti singing "Rigoletto." Biffie Gillis, that flighty creature of phantom moods, whose stock is rivaled only by that of Public Utilities. The sepulchral sadness of J. Kirk Merrick lugubriously haunting room 104 on Wednesday mornings. Briary John Sheppard with his baritone voice. Haggling hecklers storming Bill Wentz's door at 1:05 P. M. The miraculous metamorphosis of Albert Gold from the obnoxious to the altruistic. Georgia McKinney very casually referring to Robert W. Crowther as "Bob." Nature Study—sketch of the wolf outside our door. Languages we'd love to learn and maybe learn to love—Gertrude Stein's and Miss Hall's. The male quartet right below the smoking room. Trying to inspire the poses of unimaginative models. Pat Moore with oil paint all over her face. Jim Phillips waiting for his twenty-first birthday so he can vote for Norman Thomas. The vandalistic inscriptions on the tombstones in Gene Guernsey's smoking room murals. Freshmen just beginning to dislike the illustrations of McClellan Barclay.

✓ We also beat the Academy at Ping Pong.

P. M. S. I. A. BLANKS ACADEMY 18-0 + + + +

SWEEPING up from the south, like a phalanx of Roman warriors, the team of the Industrial Art School overwhelmed the Academy of Fine Arts eleven, trampling them in the soil of Penn Charter field.

Neither team wore uniform football armor, and their jerseys of assorted hues made a kaleidoscope of moving color. The southern grandstand bristled with Industrialists out to cheer their team to victory. Members of the faculty were no less enthusiastic in attendance, and Mr. Warwick did his bit on the sidelines with the ten yard chain. The cheering section was led by Georgia McKinney, Betty Bruning and Bertie Krehbiel, and these leaderesses supplied in spirit what they lacked in technique. Many original and impromptu cheers roared forth from the stands, and during the third quarter, penciled copies of a school song set to the tune of Cornell's Alma Mater magically appeared. Happy voices rang across the field to these thrilling strains.

Some incidents accrued during the game that were most amusing. A thoughtless spectator tumbled an extra ball onto the field during a play near the sidelines, and a player pounced upon it possessively. This caused some confusion, and an altercation ensued between Mr. Warwick and the offender. Sam Feinstein, bundled in the stands with the ubiquitous Beryl Cook, propounded Ogdenashious poetry, which was adapted in many cases for cheering material. Here are some of his more scintillating gems—

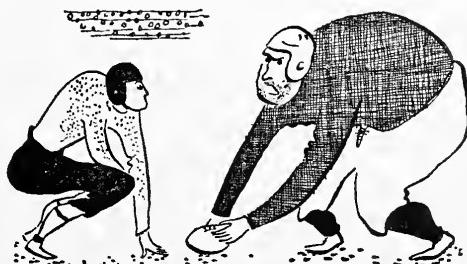
Academy, Academy!
I hope you're not mad at me!

Palette and Brush
Palette and Brush
Art School, Art School,
Onward Rush!

On the field, the Industrial team, well trained by coach German, coldly dissected the Academicians in a manner that was far from slipshod. The first sensational blow of the battle was dealt by Victor Trasoff with a 30 yard run early in the first quarter. Shortly afterward, Bob Ash received a pass for a 15 yard gain. For a goodly portion of the first period, the Academy team seemed to favor line plunges and short end runs. Their first pass was intercepted on their own 45 yard line by George Morfessis who trotted gaily through a broken field to the goal, only to discover that the ball had been obtained out of bounds.

In the second quarter, the Industrial backs sailed up the terrain behind a barrage of beautiful blocking, until in a plunge through left tackle, Trasoff scored the first touchdown. The third quarter was uneventful, and the remaining goals were attained in the final session by George Morfessis and Ben Grim.

The entire affair was marked with a good fellowship and sporting spirit that characterizes the age old feud between the two institutions. The School of Industrial Art displayed a school spirit which has really existed for a long time, but needed only a spark such as this game to bring it to life. We feel sure that this thrilling victory of the Pine Street invaders has established something greater and farther reaching than the mere memory of an 18-0 score.



Drawing by
Dannheiser



ILLUSTRATION

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK

By WILLIAM RICKERT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION

A FEW POINTS OF INTEREST
CONCERNING ONE OF THE
SCHOOL'S PRINCIPAL COURSES

By WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL

THIS article is the second in a series discussing the courses of the school. The broth which is presented here resulted from boiling down the meaty opinions of Thornton Oakley, instructor; R. J. Cavaliere, graduate; and William Rickert, student.

The illustration course is conducted on the principle that illustration is the clear pictorial expression of ideals, and for the purpose of the class ideals are defined as the conception of truth. Truth being indefinable, some call it the goal of life while others call it God. The course first develops a broader, clearer understanding of what the student is striving to express in his work and a desire to express something imaginative and spiritual. This is accomplished by talks, criticisms and questions by Mr. Oakley which are sure to stimulate any student's thought and imagination. Secondly, the class develops one's ability to express his ideals pictorially. The training consists of work from the costume model and landscape, the study of the laws which are aids to the pro-

duction of clear, forceful and elegant illustrations, and the creation of compositions which are criticized weekly.

Original compositions are presented for criticism at the weekly lecture. The first half of this period is usually devoted to a talk on art in general. These talks are inspirational as well as instructive for Mr. Oakley is able not only to impart advice from his store of thought and experience but also to radiate enthusiasm from his spirited personality. As part of these lectures he presents and explains the laws which he believes should be observed to produce successful illustrations. During the last half of the afternoon the student's compositions are criticised individually. Mr. Oakley points out where in his opinion the composition is successful and unsuccessful in presenting its imaginative message and how it might be improved by more complete observation of the main principles.

A costume model class is held three times a week for the seniors and twice for the juniors. This year the scope of

"SKETCH BOOK"
BROAD & PINE (NOW U. ARTS) 1936

WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL
552 North 23rd Street
Philadelphia, PA 19130

the class has been broadened to outdoor work when the weather permits, painting from the costume model and the completion of promising compositions by the advanced students. Work is done from the model in order to study light, texture, movement, proportion and construction so that these may be used in the imaginative compositions.

The student of the illustration course is not prepared for work in one limited field. The basic principles which Mr. Oakley teaches can be applied not only to pictorial expression but to all the fine arts. More specifically the class considers illustration as it is used for book jackets, covers, and illustrations; posters; advertisements; announcements; magazine covers and illustrations; murals; portraits; and easel pictures. A list of the fields which Mr. Oakley's students have entered is like a catalogue of the many branches of pictorial art. Alumnus William Blood is doing stained glass work, and Edward Strawbridge is painting portraits. Henry Pitz is perhaps best known through his illustrating and teaching. Many graduates including John Foster, Paul Burns, and Charles Whitman have had prominent hangings at the "Academy Water Color Show," and at the "Oil Show" two years ago, Joseph Hirsch was awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize" for figure painting. In the field of modern painting Margaret Guest has won prominence. The prints of Michael Gallagher and of the Pinto brothers have been in the best exhibitions. The "Alumnae Medal" was recently won by Herman Bacharach who is making colored block prints besides illustrating fairy story books. Also in the book world Edward Howard Suydam has gained recognition by illustrating travel books concerning the

various cities of the United States. Mr. Oakley believes that much of Helen Stevenson West's success in theatrical costume designing can be attributed to her fundamental start in the illustration course. Many Philadelphia buildings have been decorated by the murals of John Wonsettler. Because of the quality of his work, Alvin Koehler has been made a director of the "Water Color Club." Florence and Margaret Hoopes have been doing juveniles for "Scribner's"; others in the magazine field are Ralph Coleman, R. J. Cavaliere, and Robert Crowther.

During an interview with Mr. Cavaliere, he stated that after ten years of illustration, he looks back upon the illustration course as a very substantial foundation. However, he emphasized that four years schooling is only a slight preparation for an artistic career, and that the continuation of the student's attitude toward his development as maintained in his school years greatly determines his progress in the professional field. Fundamentally the course is good, but even then, the student should be aware which way the wind is blowing and what type of work art directors use. Technique is relatively unimportant, for it changes with the change of the individual's viewpoint. Competition with mature illustrators has been a problem which has compelled Mr. Cavalierc to continually improve his work. He believes that it is necessary for the student to begin acquainting himself with his own and past times because of the influence this has upon his illustrations.

Well, if that broth wasn't spicy enough for you we'll cook up something about the "Pictorial Expression Course" for the next issue.



ILLUSTRATION

FOR RIP VAN WINKLE

By SAMUEL FEINSTEIN

POMES BY WALDO SHELDON

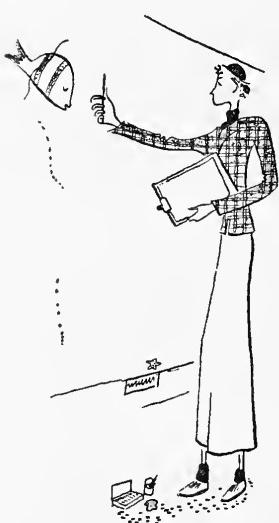
♦ ICHTHYOLOGICAL INTERLUDE ♦

Among my many crazy wishes
Is one to write of little fishes;
To go in Piscatorial places
And gaze into the briny faces
Of "Pomacanthus Irrittatus,"
Or "Bivittatus Arcuatus."
Angel fish, and fish like parrots,
Fish extremely fond of carrots—
Oh, why must mankind ever carry 'em
Into the prison-like aquarium
Instead of leaving them to their notions
In each of their respective oceans?
A fish whose family goes at least
A billion years before the beast
Along the scale of evolution
To reach this gloomy institution!
Well, little "Ichthies," I must wander,
But as I go, my mind will ponder.
No more I'll eat you—hear me say,
"Your flesh is no good anyway!"



♦ THE CLASSROOM CROONER ♦

The class is still. Two dozen heads
In industry are bent.
A deathlike silence holds the air,
And each eye is intent
Upon its work. The teacher works
In silent ecstasy,
But not for long—too soon she hears
A mournful melody
From some one's lips. Alack-a-day!
Misguided youthful mouth
That utters forth Crosbian moans,
Or rhythms of the South!
She stops him not, for what avail
To try and interfere?
For crooners, sensitive to notes,
Wise words can never hear.
His charcoal scrapes across the page
With rhythm quite sublime;
He swings his arms with grace, for he
Draws in three quarter time.
Then she reflects with martyred sigh
That if it came to pass
That this pest went to music school,
No doubt he'd sketch in class.



DRAWINS BY DANNHEISER



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